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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.  
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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From the Washington Union.

### THE DANGERS OF THE CRISIS.

Partaking, as I do most sincerely and heartily, in the recent triumph of the national democratic party, I cannot anticipate, or I can scarcely hope, the victory is decisive, or that its consequences will be permanent. It is worse than unless to disguise the fact, since it will only lead to a false confidence of strength, which generally results, if not in dissensions among the voters, at least in total disregard to that unanimity by which alone we can reap the fruits of victory and guard against future defeat. It is worse than useless to disguise the fact that in the election which has just terminated, a majority of the people of the United States, at least of those who cast their votes, was opposed to the successful candidate, and that, had they all united on one candidate, he would inevitably have succeeded. Is it not quite probable they will do so at the next presidential election? Is it true they now appear to be animated by a bitter feeling of hostility. But when we revert to the recent electioneering campaign, and find them acting in concert in New England, in Pennsylvania, and, in fact, wherever such a union afforded them the assurance or the hope of success, is it not probable, more than probable, that this union will be consummated in 1860, and the democracy called on to meet in combination those elements of opposition which by great exertions they have separately defeated?

These combined factions—I cannot dignify them with the name of the parties, since they have no common or fixed principles—have at least one bond of union—namely, hostility to the great democratic party. A common hatred is often a stronger bond of union than that of kindred, affection or affinity of blood, and, in my view, it is quite as likely that the enemies of the constitution and the Union will ultimately amalgamate, as that their friends will become disunited. But, setting this aside, though it is boasted, and that justly, that the enemy has been routed, "horse, foot, and dragons," it appears very evident that they have already rallied, or are about to rally again. Far from being discouraged by defeat, they seem only inspired with new confidence, and the democracy, while triumphing in their victory, should prepare betimes for new encounters. They won the victory by union, and by union alone can they hope to achieve others.

This is most especially true of the democracy of the South; and it is with serious misgivings I have recently observed indications of a want of unanimity in that quarter, which may eventually give rise to a controversy that will widen the breach, and end in destroying all future concert of action. The South ought to know that its safety, at least while in Union, consists in its own indissoluble union. While marshalled in one great phalanx, and presenting one undivided front, it may bid defiance to all the arts of British statesmen, all the influence of the British and Anglo American press, all the efforts of foreign and domestic incendiary philanthropists, and all combinations of sectional politicians, who, being unable to reach the summit of the temple, seek determined on leveling it with the dust. The South, it is true, is in a minority, but so long as it remains a consolidated minority it may defy the world. Well did that great statesman, the pride of South Carolina, (who ought to be, and one day will be, the pride of this great confederation, let it spread as wide as it may)—well did he say, that while the South was unanimous on the presidential question, it had nothing to fear. I hold it a moral impossibility to combine the other portions of the Union in a sectional confederacy. It has often been tried, and always failed. Even had the black republicans succeeded in the recent election, that success would only have been a prelude to dissension and anarchy in their partitioned squadrons. The common hatred of the democracy would have yielded to personal rivalry, and the contest for the spoils ended like that of the three goddesses for the golden apple—in feuds and jealousies that shook the throne of Olympus.

One of the inevitable consequences of a strict union of the South is, that it draws with it the support of very many citizens of the North, who, though they may not, perhaps, make quite so much noise in the world as some howling demagogues, exercise a secret influence in the recesses of every community that happily counteracts their efforts. These men are actuated solely by a love of their country, and a desire to preserve the Union by adhering to those compromises which alone give it being. They maintain the rights of the South because they are guaranteed by the constitution, and they know very well that the rights of all the States are embarked in one bottom. When they see the South rallying as one man in defence of their rights and property, they not only sympathize with them, but readily and earnestly give their aid to those who, while calling on Hercules, either remain passive or become traitors to themselves and accomplices in the ruin and desolation of their households. Any man who consults his own heart must become

conscious that he feels little disposition to aid those who will not help themselves; and, furthermore, that he gives little credit to complaints that are not accompanied or followed by efforts to get rid of their causes. For these reasons, the South should always be a unit as it was in the recent election, with the exception of Maryland, which is itself not only a unit but a phenomenon. It would puzzle the most sagacious inquirer, who could see through a millstone, to arrive at any tolerable theory that would account for a State containing a greater number of Catholics than any other in the Union except Louisiana, and abounding in slaves, giving its suffrages to a presidential candidate representing a party composed principally of those who would free all the negroes and disfranchise all the Catholics. The good people of Maryland must be very nearsighted or very disinterested.

Feeling, then, the necessity of a strict union of the southern States in defence of their rights, and viewing them as the great bulwarks of the constitution and the Union, it was with not only alarm, but dismay, I noticed, since the result of the late election, certain indications that seem to foreshadow a schism, or at least a diversity of opinion in that section, which may lead to a schism. I allude to the message of Gov. Adams to the Legislature of South Carolina, recommending a revival of the slave trade, and to the language of certain very ably conducted journals of the South, with which, I am sure, a great majority of the people of that quarter will not sympathize.

It is not my design to enter on the inquiry whether this trade is in its results beneficial or injurious to the happiness of the unmitigated barbarians of Africa. It is sufficient to say that it has become repugnant to the feelings of the whole people of this country; that it cannot be revived under the sanction of any law that can be reasonably anticipated; and that most assuredly any serious attempt to attain that object would at once alienate from the South every friend in the North, and sever all the ties which subsist between the democracy of the two sections. The democracy of the North has always sustained the South, not for any predilection for slavery, but because in so doing they were upholding the constitution, which had sanctioned the institution, and a violation of the guaranteed rights of the holders of slaves would be a violation of that compact. But the right of trading in slaves by foreign importation was not guaranteed by the constitution beyond a stated period, which has long since passed. It is now prohibited by law, and we venture to predict that law will never be repealed. Any attempt to do so on the part of the South, or any southern State, will be successfully resisted, and will answer no other purpose than to alienate northern friends, and furnish northern enemies with a new and more well-grounded theme for new abuse and new exclamations.

Although I acquit Governor Adams of any such design, I do not hesitate to express the opinion that this design (if such design there be) to revive a trade (whether justly or not) has become detestable in the eyes of a great portion of the civilized world, will, if persevered in, do more to weaken the cause of the South than all the future efforts of abolition. It is, moreover, little else than a brand thrown into the furnace, whose fires there is too much reason to fear will never be extinguished; and it is one of the heaviest blows ever aimed at the Union, because, if persisted in, it will deprive the South of all northern support, and, by leaving it to the mercy of fanaticism, force it in self defence to retire from a confederacy where no respect is paid to its feelings, its rights, its property, or its peace.

The writer of this article has on all occasions been an advocate and defender of the rights of the South. Though an inhabitant of the North, living in the hot bed of abolition, and envied by fanatics of all classes and varieties, he has never failed to exert all his powers and all his influence in steming the torrent which threatens to sweep away every constitutional right, every barrier of reason, and every legal security of person and property. In this character he has now spoken to them frankly and sincerely, not as a dictator, but an old friend and monitor.

### A RETIRED STATESMAN.

Harper has a diagram of the expression of the hand—feminine and masculine—before and after marriage. No. 1 represents a plump lady hand, all grace and softness, extending the third finger, half coyly and half eagerly, for a ring held by No. 2 between thumb and finger, affectionately inviting the finger to try it. No. 3 shows hand No. 1 raised in deprecation and arrest of a blow from the threatening doubled fist of No. 2. It is either a great lie on marriage, or the world thinks so—we don't care which.

PERSONAL ADORNMENT.—Many affect to see religion or its opposite in personal decoration. We never could. The answer of the sweet innocent lady in the subjoined anecdote, is to our mind, conclusive against all the homilies ever written against personal adornment:

"Eliza, my child," said a very prudish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her beautiful ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself!" [Very logical, no doubt, she thought the remark; but hear the answer:]

"So he did, Aunt, when I was a baby; but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself!"

A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, and the last that was heard from them they were seated on the corners of the fence begging every man that passed for a cheese.

### Prussia and Neuchâtel.

A new complication is to be added to the existing embarrassments of the leading European powers. Prussia desires to establish a "protectorate" over Neuchâtel. The facts of the case are thus clearly stated by a well-informed correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser:

"The parties immediately interested in this controversy are the Swiss Confederation and the King of Prussia. But what has Prussia to do with Neuchâtel? In a geographical point of view, not a whit more than the State of New York has to do with the State of Kentucky. The kingdom of Prussia is not contiguous to Neuchâtel, or to any part of the Swiss territories, in a single point. And yet Frederick William the Fourth claims to be the rightful sovereign of Neuchâtel; and on the third day of September last an insurrection was raised against the federal authorities in furtherance of his pretensions. The insurrection was promptly suppressed. Several of the conspirators were arrested, and are now awaiting their trial. The king, through his ambassador at Bern, has demanded the unconditional liberty of the prisoners, without a trial, and in this demand he is supported by the governments of Austria and Baden. The last steamer from Europe brought the news of the unanimous refusal of the Federal Council (which answers to our President) to accede to the demand. It is generally understood that the council will not release the prisoners, except upon the condition that the king renounce, once and forever, his pretensions to the sovereignty of Neuchâtel. Thus it seems that the little cloud which, a short time ago, seemed no bigger than a man's hand, has grown so large as to overshadow temporarily other subjects of controversy, and seriously threaten the peace of Europe."

The same writer thus disposes of the claim of Prussia to Neuchâtel:

"For more than two hundred years previous to this period, (1707,) Neuchâtel had been united in close alliance with the Swiss cantons, though it was not an actual member of the confederacy. So far back as 1476, it had joined the Swiss in their wars against Charles the Bold. But these considerations had little weight with the party of the monarchists, who were dominant in the assembly of the three estates, and they fixed upon Frederic I. of Prussia.

"For nearly a century Neuchâtel continued to be governed by viceroys sent thither by the Prussian kings. But in 1806 Frederic William III. by a treaty bearing date February 12th, passed it with other possessions to Napoleon Bonaparte in return for the kingdom of Hanover. Napoleon conferred it upon Marshal Berthier. On the fall of Napoleon, the people of Neuchâtel were not allowed to choose their own government, but were handed over to the Congress of Vienna. They had fared much better under the French than under the Prussian regime, and they therefore preferred to remain with France, rather than subject themselves again to the sway of the haughty aristocracy that had been upheld by Prussia. But it was not the business of the Congress of Vienna to contribute to the aggrandizement of France. Neuchâtel was restored to the King of Prussia, and then, in order to consolidate its inhabitants, it was annexed as a new canton to the Swiss confederation.

"The anomalous and complicated relations thus established between Neuchâtel, Switzerland, and Prussia continued until 1848, when the people of the canton overthrew the government of the king, tore down the Prussian flag and hoisted the Swiss flag in its place. Between 1707 and 1848 the municipal and republican element had outgrown the feudal aristocracy, and reduced it to an insignificant minority. The people of the canton declared themselves Swiss republicans, and adopted the new constitution formed by the Swiss confederacy in 1848. From that year until now the King of Prussia has taken no means to assert his claims by force of arms. He now calls upon the parties to the treaty of Vienna to support him in his demand for the liberation of the persons implicated in the conspiracy of last September. But the treaty of Vienna is utterly dead. It has been broken down and trampled upon over and over again, by the parties who had pledged themselves to support it. The dismemberment of the kingdom of the Netherlands in 1830, the annihilation of the kingdom of Poland in 1832, and of the republic of Cracow in 1846, and the restoration of the Bonapartists to the throne of France, were all violations of the treaty of Vienna, and acquiesced in by the great powers. The people of Neuchâtel had as good a right to ignore it as any other. Behind this treaty the King of Prussia has nothing whatever to fall back upon in support of his dynastic pretensions. He has lost his hereditary claims by the act of his father, who ceded Neuchâtel to Napoleon."

A foreign correspondent of the National Intelligencer shows the feeling of the German Confederation on the subject, and the military power of Switzerland to resist the claim of Prussia. We have conversed with an intelligent gentleman, familiar with the topography and military strength of the Swiss, and his opinion is decided that Frederick William will never send an army into Switzerland.

"The Neuchâtel affair appears to get more and more complicated. The German Diet at Frankfurt proposes to intervene and support Prussia in her claim upon Neuchâtel. By the adoption of this recommendation a very serious question arises for Europe as to the objects and purposes for which the German Confederation exists. It has been hitherto understood to be little more than a union of the Princes of Germany to protect the independence and inviolability of Germany against foreign aggression. This is a very legitimate object, and ac-

knowledge as such by Europe and the world at large; but it is quite another thing to extend the area of operation of this Confederation from its proper boundary of domestic protection into the field of external intervention. The Diet further insists upon the modification of the constitutions of several of the German States to an extent which wholly neutralizes freedom of government. The Swiss Government is said to be preparing for the worst. The effective strength of the Swiss army is returned as 162,043 men and 700 guns. The Government can also call out the Cantonal troops in case of war; these consist of upwards of 40,000 men. The 12,000 Swiss who now form the nucleus of the Neapolitan army would also be recalled. In fact, Switzerland can put on foot an army of nearly a quarter of a million men; but this would be far from sufficient to cope with the great military power of Prussia. The affairs of Germany and Denmark respecting Holstein are also assuming a threatening aspect, and the nations of Continental Europe are taking sides in the quarrel."

### Manners in New Granada.

Holton's work on New Granada is the source of the following pictures of social life in that country:

THE DAUGHTER OF HIS HOST.—At one of the haciendas where he stopped, he was introduced to the sister of a friend he had met elsewhere. The sister (Isabel) was eighteen years of age, and wore the peasant dress. Sometimes she dressed as a lady, and read novels translated from the French. She was an intermediate link between the aristocracy and peasantry of the country. Her ideas of "matters and things" are thus demonstrated:

I spent the day very pleasantly reading and talking, with one or two strolls along the margin of the stream. In one of our chats Isabel looked up from her work, and asked me if I had any children.

"I never was married," I replied.

"Belisario told me that you was a beche-mor, but I thought you probably you might have children nevertheless."

"Were I so unscrupulous as to be a father before marriage, I should be enough so to deny it also. Were I suspected of such a thing, I have not a friend that would not close his doors against me. Such persons are not admitted into the society that I frequent."

I did not tell her of the upper ten of New York, where only poor and vulgar debauchees are rejected, perhaps for the first time. "Were we to be so particular here," says Donna Paz, "we should have to live without society."

A CURIOUS PASTIME.—Mr. Holton ate dinner with a large party—predominant among it were ladies—and the priest promoted digestion by getting up some sports, a la rustic levels of "Merrie England."

One of them (in which a cock was buried in the earth, with nothing but his head and neck above ground,) was as follows:

According to the rules, a lady was to be blindfolded, to take a machete, and, if possible, cut off the poor cock's head in three blows. The curate, who seemed to take this diversion under his special patronage, selected for executioner the most respectable and pious young lady of the company, our quondam Elodia. With much reluctance she consented to be blindfolded, took the machete, went one step toward the cock, stopped, and removed the handkerchief. The curate's partner in the last waltz, but next applied to with much urgency, but resisted. Finally, it was voted to blindfold a man. No sooner had he begun to step than all called out, "You are going wrong! More to the right! More to the left! Strike where you are! Go two steps further!" And all this at once, and twenty times repeated. Confounded by this "advice gratis," he gave three sweeping strokes wide of the mark. "There goes his head!" cry half a dozen, and the executioner removes his bandage amid shouts of derision, and sees the cock's head protruding unharmed between his feet. A second followed, but my curiosity was gratified, or rather my endurance exhausted, and I left the ground in search of plants. As I mounted my horse to return, the remains of the second cock were passed over the fence to the kitchen.

A SHOCKING BURIAL.—The writer visited the cemetery of Bogota. Read this:

I had left the ground, when I met a bier on the shoulders of four men, who were walking at a brisk pace, and shaking from side to side a body of which I could see the clasped hands and naked face. The body was that of an aged female, dressed in white flannel. Arrived at the grave, it was full of water. Here was a pause: some were for thrusting the body down into the water, others for dipping it out; but some men who were digging an adjoining grave gave it up to the necessities of the case, and awkwardly, and with offensive exposure of the person, the body was laid in it. Then a boy caught up a huge lump of mud and pitched it down. It struck the body with a sudden sound, made the whole corpse quiver, threw aside part of the clothes, and disclosed the face and one little hand of a babe a few months old that had been concealed there! I was horrified, but stood my ground. (Cried after a little, the shocking scene passed from view.)

While these bodies were being buried like those of brutes, a dozen priests were within the consecrated grounds, but came not near the scene. I turned away sick at heart, but with a stronger desire to live to reach my native land than ever I felt before.

A NEW YORK COLOURED LADY.—Loving Bogota, our writer went towards Soacha, and on his way encountered a quinine fac-

tory, which was superintended by M. Louis Godin, an intelligent French chemist. Hearing that Mons. Godin's wife was a countrywoman of his, our author visited her:

I found her of pure African blood, and a very favorable specimen of her race. She bore in youth the name of Joanna Jackson, and thirteen years ago had a mother living in Haverstraw, to whom she said she would gladly send a hundred or two of dollars if she knew she was living. She said that when she left, the people were talking of voting for General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, but she conjectured the general must be dead by this time. In the interim she has been over Ireland, England, Germany, and Russia, as a servant, and is now a lady in New Granada, and has a white servant. Of the two persons who can make quinine on a large scale in New Granada, she is one.

LOOSE HABITS.—It will be seen from the following what a New Granadian's ideas are of delicacy:

I went once to Chaqueral on purpose for a swim with the ladies. There is a deep spot—charco—in a stream that is so long that it is called el Crede—the Creed. The Creed, I believe, is the longest office in the rosary, and the extraordinary length of this deep, still water gave it the name. It is, in fact, a dozen rods long, with an average depth of three feet, and an almost uniform depth of five or six. It is embowered in deep woods, and bathed with the coolest air of perpetual summer. Were man born only to swim, his Eden would have been here.

To our party for the Crede, besides Senor Cabal, Isabel, and Virginia, was added Don Justo, and a lady who was first married about three years since, and her daughter, a simple, not very captivating girl of about sixteen.

As we were riding there, Isabel asks if my horse cannot pace. I think so, though now on an easy trot. She advises me to draw in the reins and whip him up. A pace results, but she decides that it is not spontaneous, but learned. Afterwards she asks me if I did not speak last night of having come on a horse. Doubtless I did, since I rode neither mule, donkey, nor bull. She informs me that it is a mare, and that she is with foal. I mentally conclude that I never would try to cheat her in a horse-trade.

Our horses are at length tied to trees near the Crede. Justo has brought with him no bathing dress, but a handkerchief. As he sees me differently provided, he decides not to go in at all. The mothers like wise do not go in. The señoritas appear in long robes, open a little on the back, but quite as appropriate as anything not "blooming" can be. The stranger girl cannot swim. Justo and the mothers, seated on the rock, chat and watch us. We spatter them a little.

I was dressed before the others left the water. I was talking with Virginia as she was combing her hair preparatory to dressing. At length Justo calls me to him, while I am sitting there with my back to her. He kindly tells me that it is not pleasant to a lady to have a gentleman so near her when dressing. So we stand there, talking with our faces toward her, and not four rods off, till she and the others are ready to ride. Truly etiquette is mysterious.

CHEAP BATHING.—Our author eventually reaches the town of Honda. He says:

It was rather a busy day, for it seemed as if all the population were bent on a public wash. The little river has its congregation when it has any water. The Magdalena is much frequented just where the rapids begin, and again at the mouth of the Guad. The Guad itself, between the bridge and the Magdalena, was the resort of a few quiet ones, but the liveliest scenes were in the rapid current just above the bridge. There were full grown men and large boys stark naked, young girls in the same state, and women of all ages with their bodies more or less covered with a blue skirt.

The better bred of these would come down under an umbrella to shade them from the sun, a servant following with a skirt, a sheet and a towel. The bathers would throw the sheet over her, and emerge from it in the skirt. Next the body is covered into laher. Then follows a pouring of water from the totuma for a long time without intermission. If any children are to be washed, now is the time to take them in hand. After this, they plunge into the stream, if they choose, and thus pass the time they have to spend in the water. Again they envelop themselves in the sheet, which now serves for a towel as well as a dressing room, and at length they emerge from it nearly dressed. The servant rises the skirt in the river, wrings it, and puts it and the other wet clothes into a tray, which she carries home on her head. This the lady has secured a good swim in the open river without any violation of decorum. But it would not be fair to the reader to leave him to imagine that all these details are the result of one day's observation. It would be difficult to find the hour, in all the week in which some of these scenes are not going on.

AN ILLUSTRATION AND CONFIRMATION OF HOLY WRIT.—The Edinburgh Witness says that in the second edition of Mr. Smith of Jordanville's Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul, there occurs a new and interesting observation, confirming and illustrating the narrative of St. Luke (Acts of the Apostles, chapter XXVII.) It consists of the discovery of the ruins of the town of Lasea, mentioned in the Acts as right unto the Fair Havens, on the south coast of Crete, the modern Candia. The place is not mentioned by other ancient authors, and its site has hitherto been purely conjectural. The discovery was made during a yacht cruise, in the month of January last, by Hugh Tennent, Esq., of Wellpark, Glasgow, and the Rev. George Brown, of the Free Church of Scotland.

### Chinese Sugar Cane.

We have heretofore noticed the remarkable which attended the cultivation of the Chinese Sugar Cane the past summer by the farmers of this State and Georgia. Now we would call attention to the growth and culture of the plant, extracted from a Circular issued by the Commissioner of Patents at Washington.

Sugar and molasses are very high, and Providence seems to have brought this plant into notice at the time of our greatest need. Let every farmer, and every man who can devote an acre to the cultivation, get one quart of seed, plant, and tend it well, and he will have enough sugar and molasses to last for a year, at a remarkably small cost. It is no humber. It is a rich blessing, and one that should be welcomed with devout thankfulness. We have before us a letter from Col. W. S. Lyles, of Fairfield, in which he says he designs planting five acres at least, from which he expects one thousand gallons of syrup. But syrup and sugar are not alone realized from the plant. The fodder is greater in amount than can be gathered from an acre of corn, while the increased culture each year will create a steady demand for the seed at from \$3 to \$5 per bushel.

We earnestly press a trial of this plant upon our farmers. Get good seed, and cultivate properly—as though you were in earnest—and the crop will astonish you and dissipate all incredulity.

We append the description and mode of cultivation, as they come from the Commissioner of Patents:

DESCRIPTION AND HABIT OF GROWTH.—The Chinese sugar-cane, when cultivated on ordinary land, in the United States, somewhat after the manner of broom-corn, grows to the height of from eight to sixteen feet, while in Europe it does not attain much more than half of this altitude. Its stems are straight and smooth, often covered with bloom, or down, having leaves somewhat flexuous, falling over and greatly resembling in appearance those of Indian corn, but more elegant in form. When cultivated in hills, containing eight or ten stalks in each, it puts forth at its top a conical panicle of dense flowers, green at first, but changing into violet stamens, and finally into dark purple at maturity. In France and the central and northern sections of the United States it has thus far proved an annual; but from observations made by M. Vilmorin, as well as some experiments in our Southern States, it is conjectured that, from the vigor and fullness of the lower part of the stalks in autumn, by protecting them during the winter, they would produce new plants the following spring. It stands drought far better than Indian corn, and will resist the effects of considerable frost without injury, after the panicles appear, but not in its younger and more tender state. If suffered to remain in the field after the seeds have ripened and have been removed, the season is sufficiently warm and long, new panicles will shoot out at the topmost joints, one or more of each stalk, and mature a second crop of seeds. The average yield of seed to each panicle is at least a gill.

CULTIVATION.—Since its introduction into this country the Chinese sugar-cane has proved itself well adapted to our geographical range of Indian corn. It is of easy cultivation, being similar to that of maize or broom-corn, but will prosper in a much poorer soil. It does not succeed so well, however, when sown broadcast with the view of producing fodder, as it will not grow to much more than one-half its usual height. If the seeds are planted in May, in the Middle States, or still earlier at the South, two crops of fodder can be grown in a season from the same roots—the first one in June or July, to be cut before the panicles appear, which would be green and succulent, like young Indian corn; and the other a month or two later, at the time or before the seed is fully matured. In the extreme Northern States, where the season is so short and cool for it to ripen in the open air, the cultivator will necessarily have to obtain his seed from regions further south. If it were important for him to raise his own seed, he could start the plants under glass in the spring, and remove them to the field or garden at about the time of planting Indian corn, after which they would fully mature. One quart of seeds are found to be sufficient for an acre. If the soil be indifferent or poor, they may be sown in rows or drills about three feet apart, with the plants from ten to twelve inches asunder, but if the soil be rich they may be planted in hills, five or more seeds to each, four or five feet apart in one direction and three or four the other. The plants may be worked or hoed twice in the season, in a similar manner to Indian corn. Any suckers or superfluous shoots which spring up may be removed. The seed should not be harvested before it acquires a dark or black hue. Should the plants lodge or fall to the ground, by the extreme weight of the heads, during storms of wind or rain, before the seed matures, they may remain for weeks without injury. In collecting the seed, a convenient method is to cut off the stalks about a foot below the panicles, tie them up in bunches of twenty-five, and suspend them in any secure airy place, sheltered from rain. If intended solely for fodder, the first crop should be cut just before the panicles would appear, and the second as soon as the seed arrives at the milky stage. It may be tied up in bundles, shocked and cured, like the tops or stalks of Indian corn. If not intended to be employed for any other economical use, after the seed has been removed, and the weather be cool, and the average temperature of the day does not exceed 45 deg. or 50 deg. F., the stalks may be cut up close

to the ground, tied in bundles, collected in shocks, or stored in a mass in a succulent state, for fodder, in sheds or barns, where they will keep without injury, if desired, until spring. In this condition, however, the lower parts of the stalks will be found to be quite hard and woody, and will require to be chopped into small pieces for feeding.

Precaution.—Particular care should be observed not to cultivate this plant in the vicinity of Donrah corn, Guinea corn, nor broom corn, as it hybridizes or mixes freely with those plants, which would render the seeds of the product unfit for sowing.

TOM MARSHALL ON J. C. BRECKINRIDGE AND GARRET DAVIS.—The celebrated "Tom Marshall" has been editing the Kentucky Supreme Court with one of his happiest hits. It was in a case in which the Vice President elect, Mr. Breckinridge, and Garret Davis, of Ky., were opposing counsel. Mr. Marshall's client's son had been flogged by a gentleman for trespassing upon his fish pond. Major Breckinridge contended that the correction was a wholesome and proper one, such as he had been subjected to in his juvenile days, when caught in any mischief. Tom Marshall, in reply, said that both gentlemen had endeavored to magnify him into a great man—Kentucky's greatest lawyer and orator; and both, in their political speeches, were in the habit of expressing great confidence in the sagacity and intelligence of the people. Now, he wished to be informed how it was that, with such great superiority of natural genius and acquirements, and with the additional advantage of years over at least one of his adversaries, he remained plain Tom Marshall, hammering a miserable existence out of a few law suits at the bar, while you, pointing to his opponent, John C. Breckinridge, "who were but a tow-headed shaver, robbing birds' nests and playing marbles, when the whole broad commonwealth of Kentucky was ringing from one end to the other with praises of the great eloquence, vast learning, and prodigious ability of Tom Marshall, are now Vice President of the United States! and you, Garret Davis, wanted to be, and almost persuaded some very weak-minded people to make you, President of the United States!" "Now," proceeded Tom, "our Vice President says he used to be flogged in his boyish days for just such tricks as my client's son was flogged for, and he leaves us to infer that, so far from suffering any damage thereby, it was one of the causes of his progress and advancement to his present high position. If my client had only known this before, and if he could be satisfied that his son was spanked on the same spot that my distinguished friend was, so far from bringing this suit, he would have acknowledged his profound gratitude to the defendant for thus placing his son in the line of safe precedents, and giving him so strong a claim on the Vice Presidency. Doubtless the political misfortunes and disasters of my other distinguished friend are attributable to the fact that, as his spanking was neglected in boyhood, he has to make up for it by receiving nothing but political spanks ever since he reached manhood." These palpable hits excited much laughter among the lawyers and judges, in which the two distinguished objects of Tom's raillery participated.

COL. BENTON ON DISSIPATION.—A L. W. evenings ago Col. Benton delivered a lecture in Boston, before the Apprentices' Library Association. A letter to the New York Tribune says:

He opened it by giving, in a kindly characteristic style, some very good advice to young men in general, and apprentices in particular. They saw before them, he remarked, a person who had attained an age past the limit which the Psalmist assigns to the line of life, and I now upon these years, which the same Psalmist associates with sorrows and weakness, thus far he was exempt from those infirmities. How came it that at this advanced age he was blessed with the absence of those infirmities which are supposed to belong to it? He owed it to the course of his early life. Franklin (whom he warmly eulogized) was once nicknamed the American Aquatic, because he drank nothing but water. In that respect he had imitated Franklin. He totally abstained from every kind of dissipation, and to this moment could not tell, when looking at a party playing cards, which was the lower and which the winner. He had often set up all night watching the sick on military duty, and a book—a book—had often kept him awake; but he had never spent one night of dissipation.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—The London Athenaeum announces the discovery of a buried Greek city in the Levant, by Mr. Newton, British Vice Consul at Co. Of the circumstances of this interesting discovery it says that sometime ago the Government wanted a Vice Consul at Co.; and, in place of seeking among the Jif-rail of Malta or Alexandria for a representative, they very wisely sent out Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, a ripe scholar and an able man of business. The consequence is, that instead of cheating the natives and lying to the Foreign Office, as so many Levantine officials are accused of doing, Mr. Newton has turned his eyes toward the past, and in the beautiful island in which he was placed, he has made a noble discovery—nothing less than a buried Greek city. He has sent home the news, and the Admiralty, with honorable promptitude, have sent out in the Gordon steam frigate the apparatus required for excavations, together with cameras and photographic chemicals. Mr. Newton will superintend the work.

an overruling Providence, that the injuries to passengers on that occasion were of so slight a character. Yours, truly,  
JOHN L. YOUNG, President.